

CASCADIA URBAN-RURAL COALITION
VOLUME iii * SPRING 2023

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword	1
Untitled	2
Worm Activities	3
System Failure + english ivy basket	4
Worm Song + Werms	5
Mycorrhizal futurities	6
The end is the beginning + chia mountains	8
Towards mycelial communism	9
Take me inside	10
Worm enlightenment	11
Playlist for the waging of ritualistic war upon capital	12
Worms of affection	13



cover illustration:

Worm time, by Darius :o)

FOREWORD

Welcome to WORM TIME: volume III of our zine series. Thinking seasonally, being in touch with the world, we invited submissions on what it means to follow cicadian rhythms / migrate by moon phases / operate on worm time. We hope you enjoy the assemblage that was gathered by this call, and invite you to stay in touch to hear more about future opportunities to contribute your recipes/art/words/maps.

We welcomed winter with a solstice celebration: we shared food together in a potluck and printed a couple original designs on posters, shirts, flannels, whatever was brought (thank you to ghost space for lending out your studio to us). Over the last few months we grew, welcoming new organizing members, visiting the coastal lowlands, and hosting salons among ourselves to clarify and deepen our political commitments. Some of this work is shared in the collaborative piece in the middle of the zine, titled “mycorrhizal futurities”— a visioning of our guiding principles, commitment to relationality, and interdependence.

Now we emerge bathed in sunlight and birdsong, full of energy, hope, and rage. As of the time this is printing, our comrades at Nurturing Roots are being evicted from the land in south Beacon Hill they’ve been at for 7 years by Bethany UCC. We support them in their work to secure permanent land to continue their work. We’ve held our first work parties of the season at Heron’s Nest and with Familias Unidas Por La Justicia at their farm, the Tierra y Libertad Co-op. We continue to be in relationship with a blueberry farm in Renton and plan to ramp up free distro of fruit from this site during late summer. We’ve been reaching out to make more connections with rural projects, as always stay tuned for ways to plug in.

And finally, much thanks to Black Star Farmers for setting us up with some plots at their space in New Holly and orienting us to the context of the site as a market garden for the surrounding community over many years. Coming together within our own crew to make decisions around how to steward this land, write a crop plan, and provide for ourselves has got us energized to keep growing and sharing abundance & visions with y’all ~~~

I will love my life
I will swallow the sun
down like a mango, orange
-yellow slick and sweet

I see the sky go pink
over january streets I
step over the purpled glass
set into the sidewalks

and in your living room
we dance and our feet
form the rhythm of this
thing's beating heart
worshippers of no god,
living or dead, prophets

like vultures are omens
of death. we only see
what is already here.
sunlight grows in wintered rows
and on the layered world goes

and we will make this life
worth loving, we will learn
to swallow fire,
and prune the fruit trees,
waiting for spring. and
keep dancing.

WORM ACTIVITIES

What are worm activities? Worms are key members of soil ecology; they aerate and build good soil. They literally shit out elements of healthy soil. **Being wormlike involves eating holes in empire and shitting out cool diy regenerative community.** And eating good wholesome local food with friends and fam. Looking for suggestions on things you can do to be wormlike? Voila:

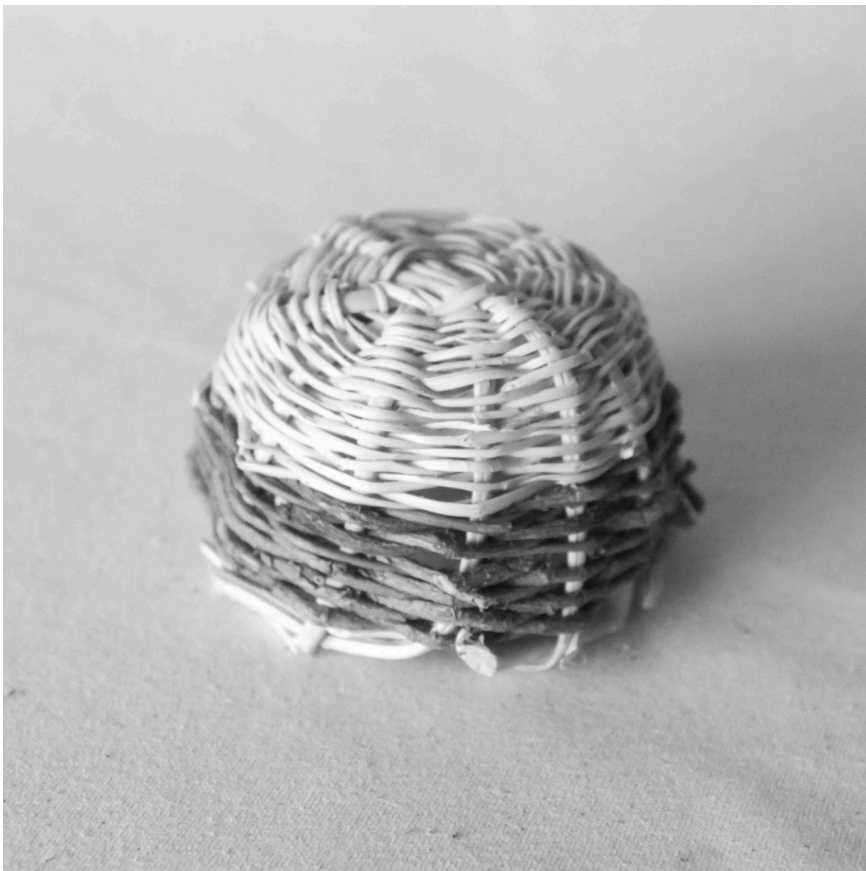
- Learn to fish, hunt, forage, cross-country navigate, in a right way. After all, these are key aspects of living from and off the bountiful land we call home.
- Find a patch and do some urban farming or guerilla gardening
- Hang out on the street and make noise and be alive
- Come do work parties with CURC and help local farmers feed us!
- Develop an eco-punk tag and hit the city with that graffiti
- Start a food or construction co-op (advanced)
- Start a cooperative farm or urban commune or rural commune (advanced)
- Participate in community assembly and commit to carrying out the actions that community agrees upon
- Go to your local commons (tool library, space like Pipsqueak in the CD, or CURC commons like Sewing Circle) and repair something of yours
- Start a bookstore-cafe-bar-third place (we lost a lot of these in the current wave of gentrification)
- Learn native plants and animals, clouds and winds, tides, soils, fungi, lakes and rivers, estuaries, bays, beaches and learn to listen quietly to them
- Practice shooting and fighting, maintain a militant level of physical fitness
- Kill board members of Amazon or Cargill or Weyerhaeuser or Papa John's or Schlumberger or Halliburton or Blackrock or Meta or Goldman Sachs or...

This list of worm activities is generative, not exhaustive. Do one of these or something similar! If you're in college or a straight job, drop out or quit if you're able to!

SYSTEM FAILURE

The interminable dying of life support
Thrive or extinguish!
It's the waiting that tortures us
Hedonism, nihilism, struggle, self-harm
We all find ways to pass the time
I yearn for the decay
For recycled nutrients
We've mined so much, and *this* is what we've built?
Let it crumble and fall
Erode in the rains of change
So my friends and I can make new assemblages
Reconfigure the once-was into the healing-now
So we can honor our Mother
And bask in the sun as creatures of this soil
No longer drones of capital

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basket woven from split, peeled, and bark-on
English Ivy

Jess C.

WORM SONG

one takes in the morning
full of subtlety
with character mixed and measured
not unseen in our velvet ditch.



the first breath sounds level
like it's headed out with directions—
some early birds won't understand,
but they like it all the same.



one takes in the evening
with a booming resonance;
a lot to live with, this fortunate yes
(and a major contempt).

this evening everything bleeds
into the next,
full of futures, forking paths, and
legs like music in new grass.



to the newcomer smoking a nightshift
we mean nothing
other than another fast trip
between
breaths taken and those lost.

S.C.

WERMS

Do you ever think about the infinite worlds of little dudes? Bugs and slugs and worms and guys? Like in a single step I could be passing through an entire universe. And if you get on the ground you can watch them - just weaving in and out of what must be towering sprouts. And how one little dude might not ever meet another little dude just a couple feet away? Our world is so big and so small and contains so many worlds within it.

M.N.



THE END IS THE BEGINNING

My god is of the margins and edges
The turning of spades in loam
Young roots greeting the geologic
Maggots finding home in a once-mouse body
My god is of the connective tissues
That which binds and bounds
Of worm food and warm hugs
Fresh dawns, fading lights
My god is that of oneness
Concentric, not overlaid
Chainlinks, elbows in elbows
The gaps yet unwritten
My god places pens in our hands
Promises prompt and conclusion
Says "That which ends will always begin"
But we shape the path

m



mountains chia sculpture, terra cotta clay
and chia seeds

Jess C.

TOWARDS MYCELIAL COMMUNISM

My sibling in struggle, we labor towards a future in which we are free
Free to be our fullest beings, unconstrained by modes of production
Modes to which we did not consent
Free to work the land and love one another
To share in the common wealth of our Mother's bounty with all
peoples
Human and non-human alike
To grow strong and mighty as the tree-people
To flow vast and wide as the river-people
Yes, we must think of power and organization
Workers of the world, we will unite
But before our covered feet ever tread on factory floor
Our bare soles knew the cool foundation of the soil
The basis from which land-life springs
The vulgar analysis of Marx, great thinker that he was
Is anchored in the industrial mode of thought
The same thinking which pillages our common histories and
birthrights
Which turns the miracle of existence into an algorithm of profit
We must move beyond that
Embrace the utility, but remember enchantment
My sibling in struggle, we move towards an earthly communism
Recognizing roots need not be the same to be interconnected
You and I are builders, decayers, redistributors
Connecting separate communities on the grounds of shared needs
Ensuring self-determinism through mutualism
We are mycorrhizae



TAKE ME iNSiDE!

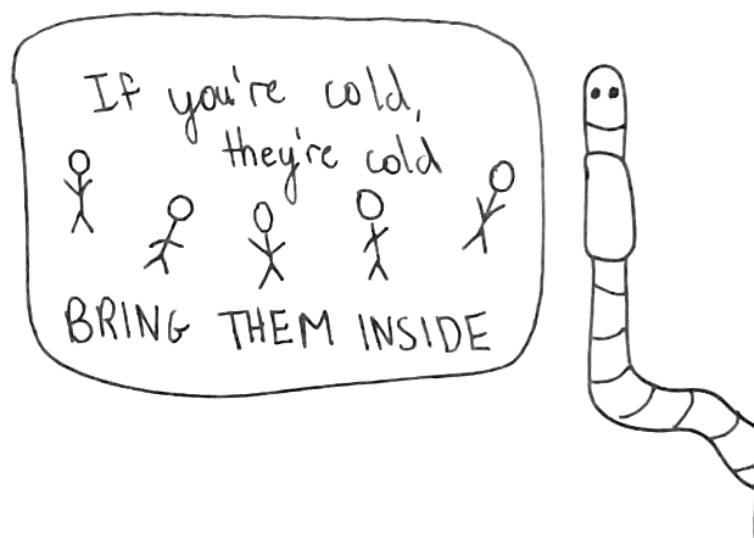
This I will always consider as one of my greatest sins.

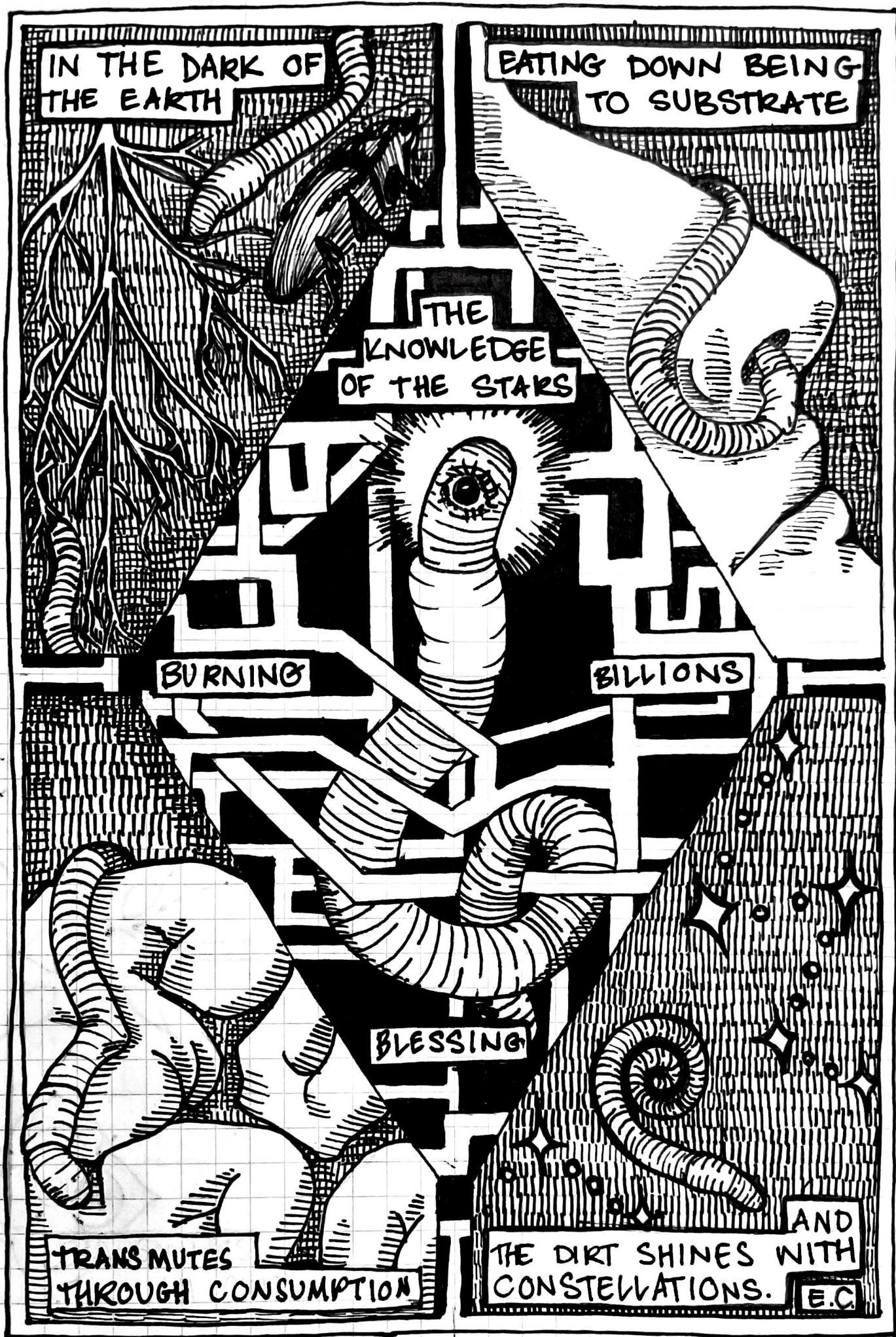
As a young child I was fascinated by worms. I loved to poke at their squirmy little bodies, digging them out of the first to spend the day with me. Through a deadly combination of youthful curiosity and human ego, I thought myself a savior of worms, put on the earth to ensure their safety. After thunderstorms I would go on walks with my father to rescue the worms from their damp splendor to ensure they wouldn't get crushed under the soles of unsuspecting human feet. One day after a long day of digging in the garden, I thought it prudent to bring the worms inside with me to protect them from the harsh elements. I gently placed my squishy little friends on my dresser to await my return. I still remember my horror upon returning to their dry, lifeless corpses.

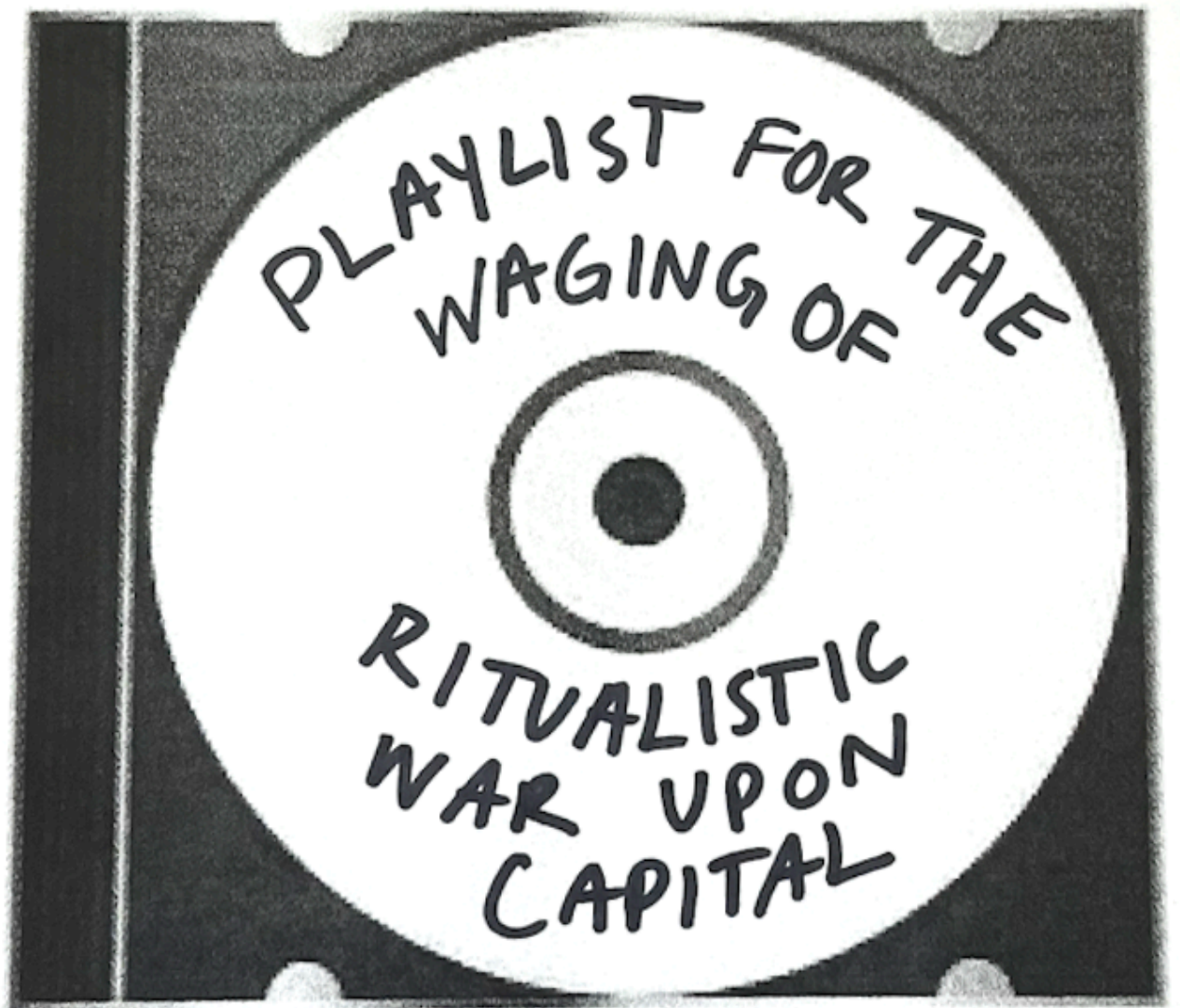
Two decades later, I smile wistfully at my young hubris. It's the worms who've got the right idea, blissfully and humbly meandering around the soil, stewarding decompositions and regeneration. I'm taking notes, learning how to fertilize the soil alongside my community in order to create the conditions for new worlds, for mutual flourishing both above and below the porous, indefinite boundary between me and the soil.

As a child, I thought I needed to shelter the worms within my warm yet fickle world of human comfort. Now, I realize it's me who wants the worms to welcome me into the soil and teach me their regenerative wisdom.

hal







WOODLANDS

WARFARE Pan-Amerikan
Native Front

INDIGENOUS BLOOD

REVIVAL Pan-Amerikan
Native Front

RAISING THE WAR

CLUB Pan-Amerikan
Native Front

TERRITORY Sepultura

CRIPPLING OF AGE

Blood of the Black Owl

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU

ON Pete Seeger

DISTORTED PROSE

Dalek

CAN'T TOUCH ME

Deniro Farrar

PERUVIAN COCAINE

Immortal Technique

LIKE JAY-Z Bambu

DITTYBOP Bambu

KIAOWAS Sepultura

KEL VALHAAL Liturgy

GLEDITSIA Botanist

OPLOPANAX

HORRIDUS Botanist

CROWN OF CREATION

Jefferson Airplane

BE HEALTHY Dead Prez

WELL RESTED Kero

Kero Bonito

RIVERS WITHIN

SHADOWS (whole album)

Blood of the Black Owl

WORMS OF AFFECTION

Like the morning dew that collects on the mediterranean spurges
We gathered and patiently waited for all to awake
The budding life fans, mimicking the birds who spread their wings
Existing brazenly, singing love songs to all who will listen
To those who won't

The soil has become one with the fallen
Leaves and needles from seasons preceding
Even in death there is new life and so,
Just like the soil, I am better because of it

When it rains it floods
Sunny days shift to showers in a single breath
Even in the downpour, we surface and dance to the vibrations of the droplets
Just like the flowers, I am better because of it

Our work performed diligently and largely unseen
Our knowledge of the underground widely spread
Tactics of survival and resilience travel through tunnels of love
The kind of love that got me here
The kind of love that keeps me here

All that we are given, all that we face
Endured, overcome, and digested together
Please believe me when I say this:
I am better because of you.



Jinx!



Stay connected with the Cascadia Urban-Rural Coalition to see what we're up to next.

Insta is where we share info about upcoming work parties, skill shares, and other events.

@cascadiaurc